

JOSEPH C. MC DONALD
By Barbara McDonald Moulton

My father, Joseph C. McDonald (the "C" stood for Cummings which was his mother's maiden name) left a legacy of many wonderful traits and characteristics that each one of his many descendants would do well to follow and emulate.

He was born in Heber City, Utah Oct. 8, 1866, the second child of seven and the oldest son of Joseph Smith McDonald and Nancy Elizabeth Cummings McDonald.

He was known to many as "Buzzy." The nickname came about because -- according to our cousin, Lelia McDonald Coleman -- her father who was our father's youngest brother, Isaac, couldn't say "brother" and it came out sounding like "Buzzy."

He died when I was 10 1/2 years of age, but I have many fond memories stored up in my memory bank even for those short years.

Maybe I gained my love for the mountains and camping out in the pines partly from him, because I remember when I was quite young he took us out to Strawberry Valley to camp overnight. Mother didn't like to go out at all, but she was a good sport and went along. He thought he was doing us a big favor by carefully placing pine boughs on the ground under the pine tree before we made our beds. It was absolutely one of the worst beds I ever slept on, but I can still see him scurrying around lovingly gathering the boughs and placing them just right.

Some of my earliest recollections with him were when he would take me with him to take mother's perfectly shaped pounds of butter, bottled milk and the rich Jersey cow cream to the old Heber Exchange to trade for groceries, pay a bill or gain a little cash.

I think each one of us had a turn in the butter-making process by turning the handle by hand on the big wooden butter churn to get the cream churned to butter to just the right consistency for mother to mold it in the pound mold. She then fascinated us as we watched her give the last professional strokes of smoothing it and wrapping it with a special paper.

Of course, the milk-cream separating process was always amazing to see as mother dumped the cooled whole milk in the large top bowl of the separator, filled it, then turned the switch to start it. The milk went down through the round discs (seemed like a hundred when it came time to wash and dry them) and out of one spout at the bottom came the rich heavy cream and the other spout dispensed a bigger stream of skim milk.

When it came time for our Dad to take the products to Heber, I was very eager to go with him because I could go in the other side of the Exchange where the toys and furniture were and pick my size tricycle and ride around the store while he took care of business. I was probably four or five at the time.

He also had a home dairy products delivery route in Heber and at times he would take me along when I was about seven or eight to help run the bottled milk to the porch or doorstep of the homes.

One time as I was trying to open the gate on the picket fence on the south side of the house at First South and Main Street, I dropped the quart bottle of milk and it shattered upon impact on the cement sidewalk. When I went back to the car to tell him as he drove up from making a delivery around the corner, he wasn't distressed or angry at all, he just comforted me and had me take another bottle in to leave. What a patient

man in all things!

Other early recollections through the 3-6 year age are: showing me how to hold the end of the towel in each hand and angle the towel across my back to dry myself after my bath; sitting with him in Stake Conference on the uncomfortable wooden benches of the Wasatch Stake Tabernacle (now Heber City Municipal Office Bldg.) and playing with his pocket watch out of his vest pocket with a little pocket knife in the opposite pocket connected with a chain draped between the two. I can still see just where we were sitting -- center section, about the sixth row back (but I don't remember whom the speakers were.)

At about six years of age he taught me a valuable lesson in honesty. One day as I was playing with a dime I had taken out of his suit pants in the bedroom closet Mother asked me where I got the dime. She was very observative, besides it not being too common for us to be playing around with dimes, and I told her I had found it. She didn't say anything, but a while later after I think the two of them had plotted against me, my Dad asked where I got it. When I told him the same thing he replied, "Next time you find one, come and show us and tell us where you found it, will you?" I agreed to, so needless to say I didn't "find" any more dimes where I shouldn't.

In about the six to nine age I started to get worried or embarrassed over some things like:

- Riding down Provo Canyon in the car with him, afraid he would run in the river and we would drown before we ever reached Lehi to see Cora, his daughter from his first family;

- Embarrassed as he would put the manual gear shift of the car into low, race the engine, then let up on the clutch too fast and jerk off to a quick start, leaving gravel flying and the teenage boys pointing and laughing.

- Embarrassed one time when he was the only one in the ward who would raise his arm to the square as he knelt on the little stool at the sacrament table and said the sacrament prayer.

- Embarrassed when he took us to Salt Lake City to Liberty Park and drove along what he thought was a roadway in the park, but it turned out to be a walkway that dropped off the curb at the end. I can still see the teenage boy on a bicycle gawking around in anticipation of what was going to happen at the curb. The ensuing jolt brought us all to the quick realization that it was not a roadway like he insisted it was.

And now I am embarrassed to think I was embarrassed at such trivial things about my dear dad -- maybe that's a sign of a little maturity.

As much as I loved the farm animals, I got to the age where I was starting to rebel to have to lead his prize show calves around the judging ring at the County Fair.

But I still remember how worried I was when our Dad finished taking care of and feeding his animals at the Fair, then couldn't find Hiram to go home. It was after dark and he needed to get home for other chores, so we left without Hiram. I was certainly relieved when I found out the next morning that Hiram finally arrived home.

Then there was the time when he took Hiram and me when we were about six and eight to Lehi with plans that we would stay a week with Cora until he needed to come back. About the second or third day I was crying so much because I was homesick that Cora had to call home to see what to do with me. My Dad said, "Tell Hiram to play with her more and I'll be down in a couple of days." Hiram wasn't sure he liked that

advice too well, he was having fun with Victor.

We were both humiliated and disgusted when our Dad came out of the old Daniel Ward after church and as we sat in the car across the road waiting for him, he walked a little ways down the road, was offered a ride and climbed in with someone else and rode home! There were Hiram, Glenn, Leah and myself, and we had to walk the mile home to report to Mother what had happened.

By the way, if you remember the strong guy wires anchored out from the eaves of the old church house into the ground to steady and support the aging wood structure in the high winds, our Dad was responsible for that bright idea when he was bishop.

Hiram and I both remember when he had to come up in the orchard and get after us for not getting the apples picked like he had told us to do. He must have broken the little dry stick that he came with on Hiram because I don't remember him using it on me. My feelings were really wounded, though -- the one and only time I remember being really chastised by him. We were supposed to be getting apples picked because Clarence, our oldest half brother, was coming to get some. When Clarence arrived he picked over and sorted out the best ones to take and left without hardly recognizing us. Hiram and I didn't think he should have done that.

And we children didn't relish the idea of getting turkeys ready for Thanksgiving when each day for about a week or ten days before Thanksgiving he would tell us that he would have the turkeys ready to pick feathers when we arrived home from school. We always did that chore on the south side of the barn where he would lean the poles out from the barn to hang the dead scalded turkeys on at just our level while we picked all the feathers off. They stunk!

I also still remember his exhorting me and coaching me to change from saying "Mama" to "Mother." He asked me if I didn't think she was a wonderful woman who should be called by a more respectable name.

As soon as Hiram and I were old enough, we took turns in riding the horse that would work on the south side of the barn to pull the Jackson fork loaded with hay off the hay wagon parked on the north side up onto a track along the inside peak of the barn to be released at a desired location. We both enjoyed riding the "hay horse," for that job was much better than "tromping hay" on the wagon as it was loaded in the fields on a hot summer day. But I still remember his voice as he called out with the signal to go ahead and pull up the hay.

Then there was the time when Hiram and I went up Daniels Canyon with him to get a load of wood for our winter's supply. Apparently he had the tent set up so he could come and go or stay overnight if necessary until he felt he had gathered enough wagon loads. I can still visualize just where it was -- quite a ways down off the road between the willows by the stream and the gentle rise of a hill.

When he got ready to leave I don't remember if we asked him or if he asked us if we wanted to stay until he came back in the morning. We were excited about staying and did so. We entertained ourselves by whittling on wood to make bows and arrows and playing on the side of the hill until dark. I remember one of us asking the other if we were afraid of bears, and surprisingly I don't remember being that nervous about it.

Can you imagine our mother's thoughts and words when he returned home and informed her he had left their seven-year-old daughter and nine-year-old son alone in the canyon? I imagine she hurried him on his way the next morning and I have to admit

that I was happy when I saw him coming.

At a young age I remember him and mother getting into a little argument and disagreement over a problem with Vernon, the only time I ever heard any words at all between them. Leah and I were in our nightgowns ready for bed, sitting getting warm by the old heating stove in the dining room. Mother told us to go to bed. We went upstairs so sad, climbed in bed and cried because we thought for sure they were going to get a divorce.

The memories of our first bicycle come back quite vividly. Our dad had given us a calf to tend and call our own. When the time came to sell it he said we could go to Provo and buy a bicycle with the money.

The day finally came when we piled in the old car and headed for Provo with \$15 to shop for our new bike. The store we went to on University Avenue between First and Second North had quite a few bicycles and made the choice more time-consuming. But we finally decided a boy's model would be more practical, purchased it and headed for home. Of course each one was eager for their turn, but I wasn't quite big enough to ride it the usual way, so I had to put one leg through the bars, balance myself and learn to ride it that way until my legs were long enough to straddle the bar.

He always showed so much compassion and concern for ward members. Mother jokingly said he worried more about them than his own family. When Celia McGuire was having problems with a pregnancy, he gave her a blessing as her bishop that she would get along fine and everything would be okay. Mother was pregnant at the same time (probably with me because Pat McGuire and I are the same age) and she said that he worried more about Sister McGuire until she had her baby than he did about her.

Being a bishop had its downs for him also at times. He came home really low one time and I can still hear mother chuckling as she quoted what he had said: "A bishop is just a pissin' post for everybody!"

One time he had collected \$50 in tithing money and put it in one of mother's fancy teapots for safe-keeping until he would be going to the ward house. He then forgot just where he put it when he went to get it. When he couldn't find it he felt so sick to his stomach he told mother to make a cup of tea for him. I doubt that she rarely used that beautiful little teapot, but she did on that day and there was the money! Thereafter it was known as the \$50 teapot.

I will always remember him as being such a kind, patient, caring, hard-working, ambitious, compassionate, honest man. Loving his family, the gospel and his church service were most important in his life. Although he used to tease mother and tell her that if the house ever caught on fire to get the metal box that contained the registration papers on his prize Jersey dairy cows out first, then worry about the children.

He always portrayed a jolly, happy man. Although suffering through many hardships and losing loved ones. His mother died when he was 16. He and his first wife lost three children: Paul at age 14 and Lillie and Faye as infants.

His first wife was sick with heart problems for some time before her death and left him with three unmarried children -- Walter, Cora and Clifford. Clarence and Giles were married.

After several slight strokes he had the last debilitating one the latter part of June, 1937, which paralyzed his throat and his side. He lasted for about 10 days, then passed away on July 2, 1937 around 5 p.m. at age 70 years 9 months.

I remember the last time I saw him alive. I had been staying over in Heber at Kenneth's and Theora's for a few days and came home. I went to the bedroom door to look in, hesitating to go in the room. He must have sensed my presence or heard me and could turn his head enough to look back up over his shoulder to see me. It gave me a funny feeling and I ducked back out of sight. I wished as I got older and matured that I would have gone in and taken his hand, held it a while and kissed him. He passed away about the next day, leaving mother widowed for a second time, this time after 21 years of marriage and five children still at home.

What a loss to our family -- but what wonderful memories we have of him.



Mother and 8 children: L. to R., Eugena, Leah, Barbara, Glenn, Vernon, Melvin, Kenneth, Hiram



With Spouses in Back, L. to R., Hiram & Anne McDonald, Glenn & Carol McDonald, Leah & Earl Houtz, Eugena & Evans Carlen, Barbara & John Melvin Moulton, Vernon & Louise McDonald

My mother, Minnie Sonderegger, was born Sept. 9, 1885, in Midway, Utah, the fifth child and third daughter of Johannes Sonderegger and Bertha Buchler. She was named and blessed with the given name of Wilhemina, but apparently Minnie is the English translation of Wilhemina, and they called her that and baptized her with the name of Minnie. The parents spoke the Swiss language in the home and so the children all learned it, until they started school and had to learn English.

I think the children all had a little bit of mischievousness in them, for all the aunts and uncles that I had the privilege of knowing were jolly, fun-loving, easy-going people. I often told mother that I wasn't sure that I wanted her to tell any of their childhood pranks around my children, to give them more ideas than they already had.

On the occasions when grandmother did leave the house without the children, she would go over a list of what "not to do" - which only gave them the idea of things to do while she was away - so when she said, "Don't get in the sugar" - that is exactly what they did as soon as she left.

The girls loved to play "dress-up" so they would put grandmother's beautifully hand-made dresses on, then parade up and down the dirt road, looking back to see the dust swirling up from under the dragging long dresses. I imagine grandmother put a threatening stop to that when she found out.

I mentioned how hard the children all had to work. In the summers they had to be to the fields by sunrise ready to weed grain - after walking the two miles to the Dutch Canyon area to get there. Their meager pay of 35¢ a day from their employer did help the home finances a little for the struggling family. Grandmother would starch their sunbonnets so nicely and send them off with their lunches to work until sundown then the long walk home. Well - they discovered that a good way to cool their hot brows, during those long hot summer days in the fields, was to dip their sunbonnets in the sparkling cold mountain stream running close by, then put them dripping wet back on their heads. Can't you just see Grandmother's dismay after all her work on those bonnets to see them come drooping home in the evening?

As mother got a little older she did some housekeeping chores to help the family income. One lady that she worked for

one time paid her with a piece of fabric (two or three yards) after one week of "the hardest, dirtiest work I've ever done in one house." This wasn't too gratifying to a 12-year-old girl.

But the children all learned how to work hard and long and knew it was expected of them without complaining - and as Uncle Fred said once, "Work is no disgrace, but laziness is."

While mother was young, they also had some problem with begging Indians in Midway. She said she was sure they had marked her mother's gate post as a good place to stop and beg - for they had found out what a good cook she was also and that she always shared something. One day an Indian squaw stopped to beg - grandmother had just taken a freshly baked batch of bread out of the oven. One of the little girls ran out to where grandmother was working in the garden to ask her what to do. Grandmother said, "Go back in and give her one of the big loaves." But as the little girl covered back not daring to stop the squaw, she creoped up, every one of the 9 or 10 loaves off the table, put them in her big front apron and left, leaving them with no flour for another batch of bread.

As each child started grade school, it was a little hard for them to learn English along with school learning, but they all adapted quickly and well. In fact, mother was very intelligent, and so she received a double promotion in second grade. The jealous school friends didn't like that, so they tried to hit her with sticks on the way home.

Mother completed all of the schooling that was available in the county at that time - which amounted to school through the ninth grade and she was an excellent student all the while. As their schooling progressed, they used their parents' native Swiss language less and less until by the time they advanced in years, most of them couldn't remember it too well. But they had many fond memories of loving to hear their mother relate experiences of her early life in Switzerland and reciting poems and singing songs in her native tongue.

She taught them a love of the gospel and for the church and instilled in them eternal values - honesty, to pay their tithing no matter how little the income, and to be a cheerful, loving family. She was always proud of her membership in the church that she had joined in her nat-

land, and taught her children to be likewise as they attend Sunday school and sacrament meeting together as a family.

I mention these things because I saw these same principles and values taught by mother to her children and hope I have achieved some of the same in the teaching of my own children.

Before grandfather died, he had been able to acquire two large tracts of acreage in the Dutch Fields, so the children worked hard there to harvest garden produce and hay and grain. When Uncle Fred was fourteen and Aunt Bertha was twelve, they would drive a team of horses with a wagon full of produce to Park City to peddle it door to door.

When the girls got a little older they also knitted gloves and stockings for family members, as well as some to sell, while their mother was making their dresses and even grandfather's and her sons' best suits on her old treadle machine.

After grandmother was a widow the girls of the family told this story: They had an assignment of so many carpet rags to tear and sew each day before they could go out to play. So mother (imagine her thinking up this mischievous plot!) decided if they tied all the rags on the inside of the ball, then sewed the ones on the outside like they should be, then they could hurry faster to play. So they did this until one day at Relief Society, the President said that some one was bringing carpet rags that were tied together. Grandma went home from the meeting, went upstairs to the closet, rolled out the balls of carpet rags, and found it was her girls that were doing it. They really had to work hard for a long time to get brought up in doing the job right and needless to say, were checked on more carefully.

One time when grandmother was going to herd a pig into the yard she had mother stand guard with a small pole to guide the pig in the direction she wanted it to go. As the pig came rounding through the gate and headed the wrong direction with grandmother right behind it, mother raised the pole - but her reaction wasn't fast enough and the pig went by untouched by the pole as mother lowered the boom directly on grandmother's head as she was in hot pursuit of the pig. Mother was embarrassed as she saw poor grandmother staggering, but she had to go into the barn to kick her uncontrollable daughter.

As mother grew older her occupation changed, but never the

back-breaking toil. At the age of fourteen she hired out along with Aunt Bertha as a waitress ^{and cook} at a mining camp at the top of Snake Creek Canyon, and at sixteen she took over all cooking for the 25 miners there. She continued there during the summer months when they were able to work the mine until she was eighteen. The mine was known as Mountain Lake Mine.

At that point she moved to Park City to cook at another boarding house for two years. Here she cooked, ironed the miners' clothes, made beds, waited on tables and cleaned house for 12 miners. She would begin her day at 4:30 A.M. and finish at 11:00 P.M.

Mother had met her first husband, James Taylor Witt, a mine superintendent, at the Mountain Lake Mine three years before they were married. Jim, a red-headed Englishman, had captured her fancy almost from the first.

They were married in Midway on June 6, 1906. Two sons, Melvin J. and Kenneth L., were born to them in 1907 and 1908. During this time the little family was supremely happy. Jim in full employment, the couple had two fine young sons, and they owned their own home in Heber at First South & Fifth West.

Then tragedy struck. Jim was injured at the mine by an exploding stick of dynamite that blew a piece of the frog powder into his leg. The seriousness of his leg injury was not immediately recognized and blood poisoned. Set in, taking his life on Jan. 7, 1911. She had their marriage sealed in Mar. 1911 in

This loss of her loved one after only five years of marriage was one of the hardest things she had to cope with in her entire life.

The little family was left without insurance, only about \$150 in cash and no other resources. To provide for herself and her two and four-year-old sons, she took in washing, ironing, did sewing and cared for the sick. This was her task for five years.

Through mutual friends mother met my father and they were married Jan. 26, 1916 in the Salt Lake Temple. Mother came to her house in Heber to Aunt Emma & Uncle Jesse Nelson and she moved to Daniel to my father's house. There she took her three children still at home under her wing and raised along with her two boys. In the years that followed six more children were born, making her the mother of eight, who loved her dearly.

After four months of marriage, my father was made Bishop of the Daniel Ward, so for the next thirteen years

mother lived the life of a bishop's wife, shouldering much of the burden as a sympathetic listening post to his problems, along with carrying on the home responsibilities during his many hours of absence from home.

Being a step-mother to three teen-agers wasn't an easy task either and she made the statement that if she had to choose again being a step-mother, she wasn't sure that she would do it again.

Mother served as a counselor in the Heber 2nd Ward Primary ^{Supra} and as a Stake Relief Society Missionary for 1½ yrs. before moving to Daniel and soon after she moved into the Daniel Ward she was made President of the Primary. She held this position for 4 years during which time she gave birth to Eugene, Vernon, Leah and Thelma. Take each in turn with her - putting them in the baby buggy and walking the mile to the church house - to her Primary meetings and on her various duties. She also had all the work of a growing family, plus the bottling of many bottles of milk and cream, churning and preparing many pounds of butter for the daily morning milk route that our father operated from his dairy farm. She still kept up with this rigorous routine after she had three more children - Vera, me and Glenn. Her days were as long or longer than at the mining boarding houses.

After my father's death, leaving her with the six children, she was well aware of more struggles of life to come to she out a living off the small farm to support them. The dairy cows had been gold when my father's health started to fail.

Even with all the other pressures of family, etc., she kept active in church, did extensive genealogy work, served for ten years as secretary of the Daniel Telephone Co., and kept a keen interest in local, national and worldly affairs.

She gave many hours of service to others and was a kind and thoughtful neighbor. One time when Aunt Maud Shelton gave birth to a baby about the same time as one of us was born, and she didn't have any milk to nurse her baby, mother nursed it along with her own for about two weeks until Aunt Maud could take over. They lived right across the road from us and the arrangement worked out quite handily.

Mother was a very compassionate person. As well as taking care of her own mother in her home before her death, mother took care of her first mother-in-law for some time before her death - we children always called her "Grandmother Witt."

Mother was the epitome of Christian values. Among her many traits she was generous, especially during the depression years when she never turned away a wanderer who was hungry. She was never a Boy Scout of course, but she always had to "Be Prepared" since my father himself was a picture of generosity and was always asking guests home for a meal on the spur of the moment.

She was a very independent person and even through the late years as a widow raising her family she refused help from the Ward Bishop and accepted help from the Welfare Service for a short time when she couldn't feed her family properly any other way. But we as young children didn't know her worries and concerns, too young to realize them, for we felt we always ate like kings and we always said she could make a scrumptious meal out of nothing. She had said that if she could have pursued a career, she would have liked to have been a dietitian, and this interest proved she was a good one with her well-balanced meals. All of her children's health and good teeth proved her knowledge of good nutrition.

She never wasted anything and was very conservative and thrifty along with good planning. She sewed patches on patches if necessary and always took excellent care of our clothing keeping it clean and properly mended. She wouldn't even let us run around the farm or go out to feed the pigs in clothing that wasn't mended and clean. She was so fussy and particular about her laundry that I know she had the whitest wash in the county. Wash day was quite a ritual out in the "wash house" heating the water on the old coal stove, running the clothes through one water in the old conventional washer, wringing them out, boiling the white clothes in dye water with soap, running all the clothes through a second clean water, wringing them out through the wringer, then running them through two clean rinse waters before hanging them out on the long clothes lines strung between apple trees on the south of our house. It was an all-morning until evening process - and maybe that "stinky" home-made soap that she used sometimes helped keep them sparkling white.

The handiwork talents that she learned from her mother were enjoyed throughout her life as she made use of them. She was very industrious, never idle a moment, and always had several projects going so that if she got tired of one she would shift to another with either knitting, crocheting, embroidering, quilting, or piecing quilt tops. When the left-over fabric scraps from dresses, aprons, or shirts were too small for other quilt-top patterns, she would still

cut them in one-inch squares to piece together for a top. She was the only daughter of her family that learned to knit a fine intricate pattern pillow case lace from their mother - done on the smallest knitting needles available - and always wanted to pass that skill on to one of her daughters. But sorry to say, the pattern was too complicated for us to learn we thought, and the art was lost with her. Her children, grandchildren and friends were the recipients of many beautiful pieces of handiwork or home-baked goods that were so delicious. And when she entered handiwork or baked goods in the county fair, she always took home blue ribbons.

And when I think of the bottles of fruit and vegetables that she canned every summer and fall, I don't know how she did it - buy eight or ten bushels of peaches at a time to wade through and get in the bottles before they over-ripened. The shelves in the cellar under the kitchen were always full with preserved food.

Her sparkling interest in life undoubtedly was the secret of her good health and keen spirit and ~~she~~ always displayed a happy countenance - never complaining of her lot. Even in her last year or two of life when her eyesight prevented her from doing handiwork and most of the things she loved to do, her family never heard her complain or say she wished she "could go."

Her hobbies, along with everything else, included gardening, and she always loved to plant, water and prune a host of beautiful plants both inside and outside her house. And even now, more than thirteen years after her death, I am enjoying several of her beautiful house plants, along with some she started for me several years before that.

In her later years after her family was raised and on their own, she would save money from summer to summer to go on a bus trip someplace. She loved to travel. She went to see Nelson in California, went on a Temple tour to several temples ^{in U.S. & Canada}, went to the Palmyra Pageant in New York and went to see Uncle John in Boston. On her second trip to see him she decided to fly home - her first jet ride at age seventy-six. She loved it, even after she had always said she didn't want to fly. But I still feel badly that she did not get to go to Switzerland, her parents' birthplace, where she longed to go when the Swiss Temple was dedicated.

She also wanted her children to excel in their education and was so proud of them. She especially wanted them to have the opportunity of piano lessons and have a band instrument.

to play in the band - and made many sacrifices in order for them to do so.

Family, friends, and neighbors can testify of how meticulously clean she was with her house and yard, and even more so with the "retirement house" that Kenneth built for her in Feb. that she moved into in 1953 and was able to enjoy the last fifteen years of her life. She always said, "I surely love my little house - heaven couldn't be any nicer than this!" We wished she could have had it twenty years sooner to relieve her of the back-breaking farm work.

I mentioned that mother loved to travel with bus trips, etc. but this wasn't necessarily true when it came to camping trips. Our father loved to pack up the camping gear and go out in the mountains for a night or two to rough it out in the open. Mother didn't like to go at all with six children to get ready, take supplies to last with enough bedding for all to sleep out under the stars - but good-natured as she was, she went along. I don't believe she enjoyed cooking over a campfire & it wasn't clean enough to wash your dishes in the water from a mountain stream heated over the campfire! But we children loved it - until it came to the pine bough beds our father made so lovingly for us. They were awfully uncomfortable - it would have been better to just put the bedding on the hard ground! Mother was a good sport in a lot of ways.

One more incident in her young life that is too good to leave out of this history was when her father died when she was eight years old. They took his body to the cemetery on a wagon pulled by a team of horses.

They apparently put chairs on the wagon for the family to sit on because mother & Aunt Ida had rocking chairs to sit on. They rocked & sang all the way to the cemetery as six & eight year olds would enjoy doing.

At the cemetery grandmother fainted & it frightened all the children - they thought she had died also.

Mother was such a patient woman, never raising her voice in her disciplining, always such a good manager of time and money.

Even with all her problems and trials of life she kept a good sense of humor and was loved by all who knew her.

- Written in 1981



With first five children: Back L. to R. -- Bertha, Fredrick Front: John, Louise, Minnie
 MY SONDEREGGER GRANDPARENTS, JOHANNES & BERTHA, WITH THEIR CHILDREN

Below: Children in back L. to R. -- Louise, John, Fredrick, Bertha
 Front: Ernest, Emma, Ida, Minnie





Grandmother Sonderegger with children when older:



L. to R. - John, Ernest, Fredrick

Below: Back - Minnie, Bertha, Louise

Front - Ida, Emma, Grandmother

